Lorna Doone

R. D. BLACKMORE

NEW METHOD SUPPLEMENTARY READER STAGE 4

LORNA DOONE

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BY

R. D. BLACKMORE

Simplified and brought within the vocabulary of
New Method Reader 4, by

MICHAEL WEST
M.A., D.PHIL.(Oxon.)

Illustrated by
IMRE HOFBAUER

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INTRODUCTION

Lorna Doone is a beautiful story. Thousands of men and women have known it and loved it ever since it was first printed in 1869. It was written by R. D. Blackmore.

Exmoor is a very wild part of England. There are very few houses or fields there. Two hundred and seventy-five years ago it was even wilder. In a valley in Exmoor there lived a powerful family named Doone. They rode out from their valley and killed people and carried off their money and their goods. Everyone was afraid of them.

John Ridd tells this story. He was the son of a farmer living near the Doone valley. When the story begins he was at school. One day he was called out of the school and told that the Doones had killed his father, and he decided that sooner or later he would find the man who killed his father and kill him. One day he climbed up a stream near the Doone valley and met at the top of it a beautiful girl named Lorna. She said that her name was Lorna Doone. John loved Lorna Doone, and yet she was one of the family who had killed his father. He did not see her often, but as the years went by and John grew into an unusually big and strong man, he loved her more and more. After many

excitements John was able to steal Lorna away from the Doones and bring her to his own home. The Doones followed and attacked the house, but they were driven off. Then it was discovered that Lorna was not really a Doone. A noble lord who lived in London was her uncle. When the noble lord heard of her, he asked her to come to London; and so she left John Ridd and went about with her great relations among all the great and noble people of London. But in the end you will find how John was able to marry Lorna and how he met and killed the man who killed his father.

Why have so many people loved this story? Because of the simple and yet wonderfully real way in which it is told—as if we were taking part in it ourselves; because John is a very fine man and Lorna a very lovable girl, and it all happens among wild hills and valleys and on an Exmoor farm.

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One

HOW I LEFT SCHOOL

A. My name is John Ridd. I live in Oare. (Oare is a village in a part of England called Somerset.) There were great events in this part of the world during my life, and I shall write them down in this book.

My father was a farmer. The farm came to him from his father; it had been our farm for hundreds of years. I went to school at Tiverton—to a school called Blundell's School. If you look at one of the tables in that school you will see my name cut on it. I learned little at school, and I left school early.

B. This is how I left school on the 29th of November, 1673.

We came out of school at five o'clock. A long line of horses was coming down the road with soldiers guarding them. The horses were carrying goods. They were being guarded because it was said that Mr. Faggus was near and might steal the goods. Mr. Faggus was my cousin.[1]

[1] My father's brother's son (or daughter) is my cousin. My father's sister's son (or daughter) is my cousin. My mother's brother's son (or daughter) is my cousin. My mother's sister's son (or daughter) is my cousin.

He was well known to all as a highwayman.[1]

We all ran to the gate to see the horses and soldiers pass. While we were crowding and pushing at the gate one of the boys, named Robin Snell, hit me in the stomach. I was angry and hit him in the face. He ran at me and struck me so hard that I fell to the ground.

"Stand up, Jack," shouted the boys. "He hit you and you hit him. There must be a fight."

C. Just then a man with horses came round the corner.

"Have any of you seen John Ridd?" he asked.

The man was John Fry; he was a servant at our home.

I went forward and spoke to him. "Why have you come at this time, John?" I asked. "School does not end until next month. There is a month more of school."

John Fry turned his eyes away from me.

"I know that," he said. "Your mother is at home, cooking. It is all for you now."

"How is my father?" I asked. "He always used to come to take me home from school."

"Oh—he is on the other side of the hill," said John Fry. He looked down as he said this, and I knew that he was not telling the truth.

"Shall I fight first, before I come, John," I asked, "or shall I come now?"

[1] A highwayman is a thief who takes money from people travelling along the highway (=road).

We fought for three minutes

"You should fight," said John Fry. "You will have a lot of fighting in your life. You may begin now."

D. Robin Snell was bigger than I, and I could not keep my mind on that fight. I was thinking about John Fry and what he had said about my father. But when Robin hit me in the face it made me angry, and I hit him. We fought for three minutes. Then the boy who had a watch shouted "Time!" We stopped and rested. Then we began again. This second time I fought more carefully. I waited for Robin Snell to get tired. All this time John Fry was walking round the outside of the crowd asking boys how the fight was going.

"Well done, John!" shouted some of the boys.

"Finish him off! Knock him down!" shouted others.

Again I heard "Time!"

This time I had decided to win. I decided that I would win—or never see my home again. Robin Snell laughed. I hated him for laughing. He struck at me with his left hand. I moved my head so that he missed. I hit him between the eyes with my right hand. The fight was finished. I helped to put Robin Snell in his bed.

Two

THE WAR-PATH OF THE DOONES

A. It is a long and difficult road from Tiverton to Oare. In some places it was difficult to find the road because the ground was so soft.

We left Tiverton early in the morning. We crossed two rivers. It was midday when we reached Dulverton. John Fry would not tell me the reason for his coming; it was clear to me that he was telling lies.

At Dulverton we had dinner. After dinner I went outside to wash myself. Then a young woman came out of the house. She seemed to be an Italian.[1] She looked at me, then said, "Good little boy, come to me. I am Benita, servant of the great lady. . . . Oh! look at the blue marks on your skin. Has someone been beating you?"

"I must go," said I. "John Fry is waiting for me."

"How far is it to Watchet?" she asked.

"Oh, it's a long way," I said, "and the road is as bad as the road to Oare."

"Oare—I shall remember that. That is where

[1] A person from Italy.

you live? I shall remember that, and perhaps some day I will come and look for you there. Now please fill this glass with water for My Lady."

I filled the glass and she went back into the house.

B. John Fry and I rode on. After going some distance we passed a big carriage with six horses going up the hill. In the carriage sat the servant whom I had met when I was washing, and a great lady, and by the side of the lady sat a little girl with wonderful dark hair. I took off my hat to them, and the little girl waved her hand to me. We saw them no more, for we turned off on a side road, and rode over the moor.[1] The mist[2] lay thick on the moor so that we could not see beyond our horses' heads.

John Fry was almost asleep. Then he awoke.

"Where are we now?" he said.

C. Something was hanging from the tree in front of me. My heart was cold with fear. It was a man.

"Who is that hanging from the tree?" I asked. "Have they hanged one of the Doones, John?"

"Hang one of the Doones!" said John. "Don't be a fool! Even the King would not dare to hang one of the Doones. No, that's only a thief called Red Jem."

[1] Moor = high open country.

[2] Mist = clouds lying low down on the ground, so that travellers cannot see the way.

We rode on. I wanted to know more about Red Jem.

"Who was Red Jem?" I asked.

"Be silent!" he said. "We are near the Doones' path now. If they are out to-night we must go quietly."

The Doones! Thieves, killers, the Doones of Bagworthy whom all hated and feared.

My knees shook against the side of the horse.

"But, John," I said, "you don't think that they will see us in such a thick mist."

"They can see through any mist," said John. "God never made a mist thick enough to stop their eyes. Now go quietly, boy, if you want to live to see your mother."

D. We came to a deep valley. We rode down one side of it. Then I heard something;—it was the sound of horses' feet going over the soft ground and the heavy breathing of tired men.

"Get off your horse," said John in a low voice. "Let the horse go free."

We lay down on the ground behind a small tree on the hill-side. The path was below me. Just then the first horse-man passed. Suddenly the mist opened and a red light appeared.

"That is the fire on Dunkery Hill," said John in my ear. "They light it to show the Doones the way home."

E. I lay only twenty feet above the heads of the

riders. They were heavy, big men, carrying guns. Their horses were loaded with the things which they had stolen—cups made of silver and gold, bags, boxes, dead sheep. And one had a child lying across his horse. The child was beautifully dressed. It was the little girl whom I had seen in the carriage.

They did not know that in years to come[1] that child would be the cause of their deaths and the burning of their homes.

My father did not come to meet me. I heard a sound of weeping. It was my mother.

My father was dead. He had been killed by the Doones.

[1] In a year which will come.

Porlock

Three

THE DEATH OF MY FATHER

My father had been killed by the Doones.

He was riding home from Porlock (a small town). With him were five other farmers. Suddenly a Doone was seen in front of them; he ordered them to give up all their money. The five other farmers began to do this, but my father rode straight at the Doone and tried to hit him with his stick. Then twelve men attacked my father. He struck down three of them, but one man had a gun. His name was Carver Doone. Carver Doone shot my father, and next morning the body was found lying dead on the moor with his broken stick under it.

There were three children.—I (John Ridd) was the eldest; next was my sister Annie, and then came little Lizzie.

Four

HOW THE DOONES CAME TO BAGWORTHY

A. It is necessary to tell you who the Doones were, and how they came to Bagworthy.

In the year 1640 (thirty years before I left school) there were great lands in England owned by two men. All the lands were owned by these two men, and one half of the money got from them was given to each. These two men were (1) Lord Lorne and (2) Sir Ensor Doone.

Then there was a quarrel. Lord Lorne wanted to take half of the lands and own them. He did not want half of the money from the land; he wanted half of the land.

Lord Lorne and Sir Ensor went to the court of law in London. The King's judge heard the facts of the whole quarrel, and he decided that the lands belonged to neither of them.

Sir Ensor was so angry that he decided to become an outlaw (a person who is outside the law). He went away to a far corner of England. He found a valley with high walls of rock all around it, and settled there.

B. At first Sir Ensor had only twelve men with him. But, as time went on, the others joined him and the number became greater.

At first the Doones lived peacefully and did not harm anyone, and the farmers and other people of the country were sorry for Sir Ensor, because they knew that he had suffered a great wrong. Then the Doones began to steal from the farmers and from travellers on the roads, and anyone who stood up against them was killed. The people then began to hate and fear the Doones. But they dared not fight against them because the Doones were too strong. All the Doones were very big men, and they were taught to shoot even when they were children.

I was only a boy when my father died; but I knew that my time would come. I took my father's gun and taught myself to shoot with it. I had decided to make myself ready for the day when I would kill Carver Doone. I would kill the man who had killed my father.

Five

A HARD CLIMB

A. There are two rivers near our farm—the Bagworthy river and the Lynn river.

About two miles below our farm the Bagworthy river joins the Lynn river and makes one wide stream. This stream flows past high hills and through dark woods, and makes little lakes where there are fish.

Sometimes in the summer I went with my sister Annie to catch fish there; and sometimes I went alone.

I was now fourteen years of age. My mother had been ill, and I knew that she loved a small fish called *loach*. It was a cold spring morning. I took a basket and set out to get some of these fish for my mother. I walked for about two miles. I can never forget that day; I remember the trees just getting ready for the spring. I remember how cold the water was as I stood in it. I travelled about two miles, fishing here and there as I went along. Then I came to a place where the stream was wider. The water was very cold here. I had got no fish and wanted to go home. I sat on the bank rubbing my legs. Then I took out some bread and meat and

began to eat it. As I ate I began to feel stronger, and I decided to go up the Bagworthy stream as far as the Doone valley.

B. The water in this stream was very cold. There were dark places under the trees which filled my heart with fear, for the trees stood round me leafless with their great arms raised as if to beat me. But I found many fishes. I did not think about the time, but went on and on. I shouted with joy whenever I found a fish, and heard my own voice come back to me from the hills, for there was no other sound in the cold, quiet air.

I came to an opening in the trees and saw in front of me a great mass of water, a deep, round pool.[1] The water in the pool went round and round. I looked up at the high rock on the other side and saw a beautiful sight. Down over the face of the rock fell a clear stream of water.

Now, I could swim well, but I was tired and cold and did not wish to go into that deep place and get wet all over. (For now only my legs were wet.)

C. The high rocks shut out the daylight. All around me was the noise of the water. I was afraid. I wanted to be back home again. Then I said, "John Ridd, these trees and rocks and the noise of the water are making you afraid. Shall I go back to my mother and tell her that I was afraid of nothing?"

[1] A pool is a small lake.

Then I tied my fish round my neck and went to the end of a rock which stood out into the water. But the rock was covered with some soft wet plant, and I fell into the water. I swam hard, but I was carried out into the middle. I thought that I should die, for my legs hurt me so much. Then I began to climb up the face of the rock. The water fell over my head. I climbed up and up. Suddenly I felt the fresh air. I fought my way towards it. Then I fell on the grass.

Six

HOW I MET LORNA DOONE

A. When I opened my eyes I saw a little girl by my side. She was rubbing my face with a leaf.

"Oh, I am so glad," she said. "You will try to be better now, won't you?"

I never heard so sweet a sound as her voice, nor ever saw anything so beautiful as her dark eyes and the mass of her dark hair. I thought of her as a beautiful spring flower—and have thought of her so always in my later life. Perhaps she liked my face; she told me afterwards that she did.

I sat up.

"What is your name?" she asked. "How did you come here? And what are those things in your basket?"

"Those are fishes for my mother, but I will give you some if you like."

"Oh, you have hurt your foot!" she cried. "I will tie it up for you."

"That does not matter," I said. "I will tie it up when I get home.—I never saw anything like you before. My name is John Ridd. What is your name?"

A little girl was rubbing my face with a leaf

"Lorna Doone," she answered in a low voice. 'I thought that you must know it."

B. "Doone!" the name Doone meant much to me. She was one of the Doones who had killed my father! And yet I could not hate her. Her voice touched my heart. Her beautiful black hair fell down upon her shoulders, and there were lights and shadows in her eyes like sunlight in deep forest. I began to take up my things. I made a lot of noise, hoping that she would notice that I was going. She did not call me back. I knew that I could not climb down that rock: I should fall and be killed. Then I turned and said, "Lorna!"

"Oh, I thought that you had gone," she answered. "Why did you come here? Do you not know what they will do if the Doones find you here with me?"

"They will beat me," I answered. "But they would not dare to beat you."

"They would kill us both and throw us into the water," she said.

C. "But why would they kill me?" I asked.

"They would kill you because you have found the secret way into the Doone valley. Now please go! Oh, please go. I like you very much, and I will call you 'John'. When your foot is well you may come and see me again."

"I like you, Lorna. I like you nearly as much as my sister Annie, and I like you more than my

sister Lizzie. I never saw anyone like you. I'll bring you some apples, and a little dog."

"Oh, they won't let me have a dog," she said. "There is not a dog in the whole valley."

"Put your hand in mine," I said. "What a little thing you are."

D. There was a shout. The little girl's face became white. "Oh," she cried, "save me!"

"Come with me down that rock where the water goes."

"No! No!" she said. "They will see us crossing the grass. Do you see that hole there near the bushes? There is a way out of the valley through that hole. They would kill me if they knew that I had told you."

I saw ten or twelve men coming down the valley. I quickly jumped down the bank of the stream and pulled her after me.

"Queen! Queen!" shouted the men. "Where is she?"

"They always call me 'Queen,'" she said. "I shall be queen of the valley when I am grown up."

"I will hide in the water and you must lie on the grass over there and look as if you were asleep," I said.

E. Lorna ran away, about thirty yards, to a large rock and lay down. I lay down in the water with only my nose showing among the tall grasses.

Soon one of the big men came round the corner

He stopped and looked at her for a moment. Then he took her up in his arms.

"Here is our queen," he shouted. "Here is the captain's daughter."

He put her on his shoulder, and they all went away. Then I came out of the water. I went to the hole which Lorna had shown me, and found myself going down a dark way which brought me out on the edge of the pool.

Seven

TOM AND HIS HORSE, WINNIE

A. After my visit to the Doone valley I thought much of Lorna and dreamed of her often. I also shot every day with my gun and became better and better.

I also had much work to do. I had to cut the corn, and gather the apples, and get wood for the fires in winter. Time goes quickly when there is a lot of work to be done.

A year passed by. In November there was heavy rain. The river became very big. One day the ducks began to make a great noise. One of the ducks was carried away by the water and went down to the bridge. My sister Annie and I went to save it.

Just then a man came riding a beautiful horse. It was Tom Faggus, the highwayman.

"I will save the duck," he said. Then he said something in the ear of the horse. The horse went into the water. Tom saved the duck and came out. This was a very wonderful horse which could understand words!

Annie and I stood looking at the horse.

"Do you think that you could ride my horse?" said the man.

"I can ride any horse," said I.

B. "Well," said he, "the ground here is soft to fall upon. I am your cousin, Tom Faggus, and this is my horse, Winnie."

I had heard that Winnie would not let anyone except Tom ride on her back. But I said, "I will try."

I got up on the horse's back. Tom gave a short, clear cry: the horse went faster and faster. Then he gave another cry and the horse tried to throw me off her back. But I held on. The horse jumped and tried its hardest to throw me off, but I held on. Then Tom gave another cry. The horse turned and came back to Tom. Then, just as the horse came to the gate of our farm, she threw me off her back.

"Well done!" said Tom. "I did not think that you could stay on so long. I will buy a new gun for you."

He went away, and soon a new gun came. I learned to shoot very well with it.

Seven years passed by. I grew up and became a young man.

Eight

MY UNCLE REUBEN

A. Mr. Reuben Huckaback of Dulverton was my mother's uncle. He was her mother's brother. He owned the largest shop in Dulverton, and did a big trade in selling clothes. His granddaughter was called Ruth. My mother thought that we ought to be very friendly with him; for she thought, "He is rich and will die some day and leave his money to us."

Uncle Reuben came to us every year for New Year's Day. He travelled early in the morning, because that was the best way to escape the Doones. (The Doones were lazy and did not get up until noon. They usually went out in the late afternoon or at night.) But this time he was wrong. On New Year's Day the Doones rode out early. They did not want to steal. They only wanted some fun.

We waited for Uncle Reuben until one o'clock, but still he did not appear. There was a very thick mist so that we could not see ten feet in front of us. We waited and waited, but Uncle Reuben did not appear. We had everything ready for a nice evening.

B. My mother was now getting very anxious. "John, John," she said, "I think that those people have got your uncle."

Mother could never say the word "Doones"; she always called them "those people".

I answered, "I should be sorry for them. Uncle Reuben would put up a shop beside the river and he would soon get all their money away from them."

My mother laughed. We decided that we could not wait any longer, so we had our dinner. After dinner I set out with my gun to look for Uncle Reuben. It was very difficult for me to find my way in the thick mist. I called often, and searched among all the bushes along the road, but I could not find Uncle Reuben. I had decided to return home at the next cross roads.

C. Then suddenly I heard a sound like a man's voice coming through the mist. I went towards the sound and saw a small horse. Upon its back lay a man, tied with his feet on the horse's neck and his head at the other end. The little horse was afraid of this strange way of riding, and it was jumping about trying to throw him off. Poor Uncle Reuben (who was on the horse's back) was nearly dead from fear.

At first I pretended not to know who he was. I caught the horse by the head and said, "Do not be afraid, Sir. You shall not be hurt."

"Help me, friend, whoever you are. Heaven has

I put him on my horse and carried him home

sent you to help me and save me from the thieves who have taken all my things."

"Why, it's Uncle Reuben!" I said, pretending to be surprised. "Why are you, the richest man in Dulverton, riding in this strange way?"

But he was too weak to say very much.

I took him off the horse, put him on my horse, and carried him to my home. He fell asleep as we went, and slept until we arrived. When we got home he shook the water off his clothes, and then went to sleep again.

D. After some time Uncle Reuben woke and talked to himself.

"John Ridd shall marry Ruth," he said, "and he shall have all my money. Those Doones have taken much of it; but he shall have all that there is." Then he went to sleep again until the evening meal was ready.

In the evening Farmer Snowe came in with his three daughters. We had a happy evening, but Uncle Reuben sat quietly in the corner until the end of the evening. Farmer Snowe was the head man of the village. Towards the end of the evening Uncle Reuben spoke to him about the Doones.

"You farmers are all afraid," he said; "you're afraid! Why don't you all join together and go against the Doones and drive them out? You feed yourselves well, and you talk well. But when it comes to fighting, you are afraid."

Nine

WE VISIT THE COUNTY JUDGE

A. The next day Uncle Reuben decided to visit the chief judge of this part of the country, Lord Wichehalse.

Lord Wichehalse received us in a very friendly way. He laughed when he heard Uncle Reuben's story. "But why are you so sure that the Doones took your money?" said he. "You say that there was a very thick mist. Could you see the men? Can you prove which of the Doones were there?"

When Uncle Reuben saw that the judge would not help him, he was angry. "Is this the King's justice?" he shouted. "I shall go to London myself and tell the King what his justice is like in the county of Somerset."

"Oh," said Lord Wichehalse, "so this thing happened in Somerset. But I guard the King's peace in the county of Devonshire. Sir, you must go to the judge in Somerset."

B. Uncle Reuben left him in great anger. He said that he knew a great man in London called Judge Jeffreys. "Now, remember my words, John Ridd! This matter shall not end here. I have

another plan. I know a man who is now greater than the King. I can get letters to Judge Jeffreys."

On our way home we saw some lovely spring flowers.

"Pretty flowers, aren't they?" said Uncle Reuben.

The sight of the flowers made me think of Lorna Doone and of that day long ago when I met her. Did she ever think of me?

The next day Uncle Reuben said that he wanted to see the Doone valley. I told him that I knew the way, and so he asked me to take him. We set out without telling anybody where we were going. We went slowly on our horses through the Bagworthy forest and up to the hills beside the valley where the Doones lived. There was a high hill at the edge of the forest. From this hill we could see down into the Doone valley quite well.

C. We reached the top of the hill at last and looked from the edge of the forest towards the valley where the Doones lived. Uncle Reuben looked at the hills around.

"That place might easily be taken by soldiers if they set big guns on the hill-top," said he. "We need three big guns on the top of that hill and three on the top of this hill and we could break them to powder."

I was not listening to him. I was looking at the little opening in the rock through which I had come. As I looked at it I saw someone come and

go into the hole—someone white, and small, and beautiful. It was Lorna Doone. I could feel my heart beating. I knew that my life was joined in some strange way with Lorna Doone.

"You must visit this place again," Uncle Reuben was saying. "You must watch the Doone valley."

I laughed.

"Yes," I said; "I will do that. I can promise that I will do that!"

Ten

ANOTHER VISIT TO LORNA

A. Soon after Uncle Reuben went home I began to think of another visit to the Doone valley. I got some new clothes from Porlock. Then I set out to the waterfall by which I had first climbed up. I was surprised that, since I had grown so much bigger, the rock seemed much smaller. I climbed up it easily and soon reached the top. I looked round very carefully before I went out on the grassy ground beside the stream. The trees were beginning to show fresh young leaves, green and silver in the sunlight, and the sky was very blue. The first young flowers were just opening, and the birds were singing their love-songs.

While I was enjoying these sights and sounds of nature, I heard a sweeter voice than the voice of any bird. It was the voice of Lorna Doone. I kept myself hidden behind the rocks because I was afraid that the sweet singer might see me, and be afraid, and run away. After a few minutes I looked out and saw the loveliest sight. The memory of it is fresh with me to this day.

B. By the side of the stream she was coming to

me. I could not see her face clearly; only I saw that her lovely black hair had a band of white flowers round it. The soft light over the western hills made a shadow behind her, as if the sun were waiting to have a last look at her. I never see that light from the setting sun, even now I am old, without thinking of her on that day.

I came out from behind the rocks, and she turned as if to run away. Perhaps she was frightened by my great size. I fell down on the grass, just as I had fallen before her seven years ago when I first reached the top of the waterfall. "Lorna Doone," I said. I could see by the laugh that came to her lips that she knew me and was glad to see me, but she pretended to be angry.

"Oh, indeed!" she cried. "And who are you, sir? and how do you know my name?"

"I am John Ridd," I answered, "the little boy who gave you those fish seven years ago to-day."

"Yes, I remember; the little boy who was so very frightened and hid here in the water. But you seem to have forgotten how dangerous this place is."

C. I saw that she was afraid. She feared that someone might see me and shoot me at once. She kept her soft, bright eyes on me as she spoke. I could not answer her. I knew that I must for ever love her and for ever feel that I was not good enough for her. I thought that it would be better if I went at once. "Miss Lorna, I will go," I said, "because I see that you are afraid. I know it would pain you if

they came and killed me now. And my mother would die of sadness. Try to think of me sometimes, and I will come again and bring you some new eggs."

"I thank you very much," she said, "but you must not come to look for me. You can leave the eggs in a small hiding-place which I have in the rocks."

When she said good-bye to me she smiled so brightly that her smile went right to my heart. I touched her hand softly when she held it out to me, and then turned and went down the cliff.

All that next week I could do nothing but dream and dream. I could not work very long at anything, and everybody thought that I was ill. Our servant, John Fry, told everybody that a mad dog had bitten me, and I think my mother half believed him. In the evening mother used to come and sit beside me and ask me a great many questions. I did not want to answer questions; I only wanted to sit beside the fire and think of Lorna Doone.

Eleven

LORNA'S STORY

A. After two weeks the weather became very warm and the spring came in all its beauty. The fields became green and the hill-sides were bright with flowers. I went out under an old tree one day and cut the letters L. D. into the tree. While I was doing this I felt that I must see Lorna again. I went very quietly into the house and got my good clothes. I did not want my sisters to see me going out in my good clothes, so I went out behind the house to some bushes and put them on. Then I wandered off to the Bagworthy forest and up the stream. Because of the rains, there was a lot of water in the stream, and the rock was very difficult to climb. I was tired when I reached the top and sat down among the trees to rest. In a few minutes I fell asleep.

I was just waking up and hearing the music of a little stream beside me when I saw Lorna Doone come between me and the low sun.

"Master Ridd, are you mad?" she said, and she took my hand to make me get up.

"Not mad, but half asleep," I answered.

"Come away, come away, if you care for your

life. The guards will be here soon. Be quick, Master Ridd, and let me hide you."

"I will not move a step," I said, "unless you call me John."

"Well, John, then—Master John Ridd; be quick if you want to save your life."

B. Without another word she led me into her hiding place among the rocks. I saw once again the hole in the ground through which I had escaped seven years ago. There were some stone steps cut in the rock, and beside them some low, thick bushes. Lorna pushed the bushes to one side and showed me a small, narrow way through the rocks.

I followed her as well as I could, but because of my great size I hit my knees and arms very often. She laughed at my difficulties and that made me angry. We soon came to a beautiful little room with high rocks on each side and the blue sky above. I was delighting my eyes with the beauty of it when Lorna said, laughing, "And where are the fresh eggs, Master Ridd? Or has the blue hen ceased laying?"

She thought I had forgotten them, but I had them in my hat. "I could have brought more," I said, "but I was afraid that they would break."

When Lorna saw the eggs she began to cry. I thought that I had said something to hurt her, but she said, "I am not used to such kindness. Nobody here knows how to be kind."

C. We sat down on some rocks and Lorna told me all the things about her life that I wanted to know.

"There are only two people here who ever help me or listen when I ask questions," she began: "one is my grandfather, Sir Ensor Doone, and the other is the Counsellor. Counsellor is that wise old man who tells the Doones what to do. My grandfather is a proud old man who seems to know what is right and wrong, but does not want to think of it. Counsellor talks only because he likes talking.

"Since my Aunt Sabina died there is no one to whom I can talk. We have a beautiful valley and I love peace and quiet and reading, yet all around me there is killing and stealing and drinking and rough talk. They often call me 'Queen', and tell me that the valley will be mine. But I do not feel that I belong to them, and I hate their way of living.

"Counsellor's son, Carver, wants to marry me. He is the strongest and bravest of all the Doones, but he is also the roughest and most cruel of them. I do not like him, but he may force me to marry him. He often comes offering me jewels which he has stolen from other people."

She saw by the look on my face that I had heard of Carver. When I heard his name and the fact that he wanted Lorna for his wife, a great anger came into my heart. I wished that I had brought my gun.

D. "I had an Aunt Sabina," Lorna went on, "but

she is dead now. She was very kind to me and taught me all the good that I know. She died a year ago, and since then I have no one to whom I can talk except my little servant girl, Gwenny Carfax. She is a little girl whom we found almost dying among the hills. Her father went away one day and has never been heard of since. She is very ugly and none of the men look at her. She can go anywhere she likes and the guards do not stop her.

"One day last July a fearful thing happened to me. I still remember it and feel afraid. I was going home from here when a young man stepped out from behind a tree. He was beautifully dressed in red and green silk. He carried a small sword. He spoke to me.

"'I am Lord Alan Brandir,' he said. 'The government has ordered me to take care of you until you are twenty-one years of age. My father was your mother's brother. I have been made your guardian.'[1]

"'You my guardian!' I said, and I laughed. 'Why! you are not older than I am.'

E. "'Perhaps,' said he, 'I am older and stronger than I seem. If the biggest of the Doones attacked me I would cut him in half!'

"'Do not talk so loud,' I said. 'They may hear you. You must go!'

"Darkness was coming and a storm was gathering in the sky.

[1] Guardian = one who takes care of a child whose father and mother are dead.

"'Dear cousin,' said he, 'give me one flower so that I may remember you. I shall soon come back again.'

"Suddenly Carver Doone stood before us.

"'That you will not do!' cried Carver Doone. He seized Alan in his arms and lifted him up like a child and carried him away into the darkness.

"I heard a heavy fall. There was no cry, but I knew what had happened. The poor boy had been killed.

"Ever since that day I have felt sad and alone. There is no joy in this valley, only fear and unhappiness. . . ."

F. When Lorna finished her story it was getting late.

"The Doones will come," she said, "you must go now. Do not come back for a month. Wait a month before you return."

"But you may need me before then," said I.

She pointed to a large white stone.

"You can see that stone from the hill opposite. If I need you I will put a black cloth over the stone."

She hurried away through the trees, and I climbed down the face of the rock.

Twelve

JEREMY STICKLES

A. The month of waiting was near its end. Every day I had looked at the white stone, and every day my thoughts turned to Lorna Doone. I feared that some young man of nobler birth and finer manners would carry her off from me.

It was the afternoon. I had given the horses their food and I was just going into the house. Then I saw a man come riding up from the river. I thought that he was a traveller. He came to our gate and stopped; then he held up something in his hand and cried out, "In the King's name!" He saw me. "Come here, you fellow!" he shouted. I walked slowly towards him, for I would not hurry for any man.

"Is this Ridd's farm?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I answered. "This is Ridd's farm. Come in and we will give you something to eat."

B. He was a man of about forty years of age; he had a hard face and small, quick eyes.

"Annie," I shouted, "here is a man come to dinner. Bring some meat."

"I am hungry," said he, "but I will not eat nor

"Is this Ridd's farm?" he asked

drink until I have seen and touched John Ridd."

"You have seen and touched him," said I. "I am John Ridd."

"I am Jeremy Stickles," said he, "servant of the King. In the name of the King I give you this order."

The letter ordered me to go to London and tell the King's judges all that I knew about the Doones and their doings.

I waited for five days hoping for a sign from Lorna Doone. But no sign was given. So I started out with Jeremy Stickles to go to London.

Thirteen

MY VISIT TO LONDON

A. A journey to London in those days was long and dangerous.

By dinner-time we came to Porlock. We spent the night with a cousin of my mother's at Dunster. From there we went to Bridgwater, and so went on, day after day, until we came to London.

I did not like London. The only things which pleased me were the River Thames, and the big church and the hall at Westminster. But the streets were dirty and noisy and full of people.

I waited in London for two months, until nearly all my money was gone. I went often to the law courts, but found no one to help me. One day I was waiting in the hall; a man came to me and led me to a quiet place.

"Well, John," said he, "how is your dear mother?"

"It is two months since I have seen her," I answered.

He pretended to know all about my family. I told him my difficulties. I told him that all my money was gone and I did not know what to do. When I finished talking, he told me that all the

money I had used for my food and room should be paid back to me by the government. He also told me that I must ask to see the judge who had ordered me to come.

B. I thanked the man, and was going away when he took me by the arm. "You must pay me for telling you what to do," he said. "I must have two pounds."

At first I was afraid because I had no money. "But, sir!" I said, with surprise in my voice, "you asked me about my mother. We were only having a friendly talk!"

"Do you suppose," he answered, "that I have time for friendly talks? I am a busy man. Come, John Ridd, I must have two pounds."

Then I became angry. "Well, then," I answered, "you tell me that the government must pay me while I am here in London. Come with me to the judge." I took him by the arm and started to pull him towards the judge's room.

When he saw that I was going to pull him to the judge he became afraid. He put two gold coins in my hand and turned and ran away.

Just then a clerk came from the room of the judge and ordered me to come in. I went in and stood before the most powerful man in England, Judge Jeffreys.

C. The room was not very large. At the end of it there were three high seats where three men were

sitting. In the middle was a big strong man with fierce and angry eyes. He was Judge Jeffreys.

"Who are you?" said Judge Jeffreys.

I answered, "I am John Ridd, and I was called to London two months ago by Jeremy Stickles. I have waited here for two months and nothing has been done, and now I wish to go home. All my money is gone."

"Have you not been paid for the journey and for your costs in the city?" he asked.

"No, sir."

He called his officer. "Spank," he said, "pay this man at once, and let him come back to me tomorrow."

On the next day I went again to the court, and the judge questioned me.

"Are there in your part of the country certain thieves who do much harm to the people?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why does not Lord Wichehalse go and fight against them?" asked the judge.

"The Doones are of good birth; their place is strong, and I think that Lord Wichehalse is afraid," I answered.

"What is the name of these people?"

"The Doones, sir. There are about forty of them."

"Forty Doones," cried the judge. "Forty thieves! How long have they been there?"

"About thirty years, sir," I answered.

D. "Did you know that Lord Wichehalse was a friend of the Doones?" said the judge, fixing his eyes upon me.

I was very surprised; the idea was new to me, and yet I thought that it might be the truth.

"John Ridd, your eyes tell me all I need to know. I see that you had not thought of this. Now have you ever seen a man whose name is Tom Faggus?"

"Yes, sir," said I, "I have often seen him. He is my cousin."

"He is a good man. He is a thief—yes—but yet he is a good man and serves the King. Now, tell me, is there any talk in your part of the country of a rising up of the people against their King?"

"No, sir," I answered. "We are all quiet and good men and serve our King as we should do."

"That is good," said the judge. "I like you, John Ridd; you are a good man. Keep away from the Doones, and keep away from Lord Wichehalse. Say nothing of what has happened here. I shall send a man down to your county to tell me how things are. Now go. I shall remember you."

Fourteen

HOME AGAIN

A. I travelled the long road back to Somerset alone. I met no dangers on the road, and was surprised to see my sister Annie standing at the top of the hill near our house. She said she had come there every Saturday morning because she was sure that I would come on a Saturday.

I gave my mother and my sisters the presents which I had bought for them in London, and they were delighted with them. They asked me a great many questions about London.

The next day my thoughts turned to Lorna. I left early in the morning and came to the hill-side from which I could see the white stone. It was covered with a black cloth! I did not know how long it had been covered, but I did not wait another minute. I started for the waterfall and climbed up into the valley.

Birds were singing in the golden evening. The trees were bright in the sunset light. I waited.

At last Lorna came, looking very small and beautiful in the shadows. I ran towards her, thinking nothing of the guards nor of danger. She looked afraid.

"You have need of me?" I said.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "but that was a long time ago. It was two months ago. Come away from this bright place; come into the shadows."

B. Lorna led me into her secret place.

"Why did you leave me?" she said. "I made the sign, but you did not answer it. Why did you not come? You left me for other people to do as they liked with me. They are trying to make me marry Carver; and Charlie Doone looks at me. My grandfather is afraid that Charlie and Carver will quarrel."

I will not tell of the words that I spoke to her, and of my promises never to leave her again. I gave her the little present which I had brought from London. I was forgiven, and we planned how she should send news to me if she needed me.

"Now go, John," she said. "You must go home to your mother. You may come and see me again after two months."

Then she laughed—and was gone.

Fifteen

UNCLE REUBEN AGAIN

A. When I returned from the Doone valley I found the men at the farm getting ready to cut the corn, and I went with them.

While we were cutting the corn Uncle Reuben came with his granddaughter, Ruth Huckaback. Mother wanted me to marry Ruth because some day she would have all her grandfather's money.

Uncle Reuben seemed to have some special business, and every day he went off on a horse into the hills. We heard strange stories about people being angry with the King and getting ready to fight against him. I remembered what Judge Jeffreys had told me, and I said nothing, but I was afraid of what might happen.

B. One evening I found Annie sitting near our father's grave, all alone. I knew she was hoping that Tom Faggus would come and see her. I talked to her about Tom, and advised her to be careful because he was a highwayman.

"And what are the Doones?" she said. "Are they not highwaymen too? Yet you love one of them."

I told her of my love for Lorna

I was so surprised that I said, "How did you know that?"

"I did not know," she answered; "I only thought that it was so; now I know that it is true."

Then I told her all about my love for Lorna.

We did not learn what Uncle Reuben was doing among the hills. After ten days he went away, leaving Ruth to stay with us for a while. My mother often spoke to me of Ruth. I was afraid to tell her of my love for Lorna Doone because the Doones had killed my father.

On my last visit to Lorna she had made me promise not to come for two months unless she sent for me. As soon as the eight weeks were finished I climbed up into the valley again. But this time, although I waited until the moon rose, I did not see Lorna.

C. I went again, carrying with me a present of fish and eggs. I put them in a little bed of grass near the edge of the water. Just as I did this I saw a man coming slowly down the valley. I quickly hid myself behind a tree. The man came nearer; it was Carver Doone; his face was cold and cruel. So this was the man who wanted to marry Lorna!

He came to the edge of the water and saw the bed of grass and the eggs and fish.

"Ha!" he cried, "Charlie! So Charlie is leaving presents here for Lorna!"

He took up the fish and the eggs and went away.

I waited; but Lorna did not come. All the beauty of the evening had gone. . . .

I came again, and stood waiting near the door of Lorna's secret place. Suddenly there was the sound of a gun; the shot went through my hat and carried it off my head; it fell into the water and was carried away over the waterfall. I quickly hid behind a rock.

D. Carver came out of his hiding-place and ran to the edge of the rock where the water falls over it. He stood within a yard of where I was hiding.

"Have I killed you, Charlie?" he said. "This is the third time I have shot at you." He went away laughing. And I laughed too.—Perhaps, some day, my chance would come.

That evening Betty, our servant, came and made strange signs to me. Then she came and said in my ear, "Lorna Doone."

I quickly followed her out of the house. When we got outside she said to me, "I have to tell you something from Lorna Doone; her servant told it to me. She cannot come in the evening. Go there in the morning."

Sixteen

THE QUESTION

Of course I was up the next morning before the October sunrise. I climbed the rock while the first light of morning was coming over the hills. Winter was near, and all the trees and bushes were touched with red and gold.

At last I stood at the top of the rock. I looked up the valley and saw Lorna coming down from her house.

She saw me and ran to meet me.

"At last, then, you have come, John!" she said. "I could not make you understand. They have kept me prisoner in my house every evening."

I followed her into her hiding-place in the rocks. I felt that the great moment of my life was coming; that she would tell me that she loved me.

She started to speak of her difficulties and dangers, but I said softly, "That is not what I have come to know."

"If you have come to ask something, why are you waiting?" she said, pretending not to understand my meaning.

"Do you love me?" I asked.

"I love you," she said; "but of what use is it?

My life is so dangerous that we can never be married. It can never be—never."

When I reached home I found Tom Faggus there. He had come to tell my mother that he wished to marry Annie. And then I told her about Lorna.

Seventeen

CARVER'S HOUSE

One afternoon Stickles arrived at our house. He led me to an open place in the field; then he looked carefully all round to see that no one was listening.

"John," he said, "you have a right to know the meaning of this visit, as Judge Jeffreys spoke to you. There is a man named the Duke of Monmouth who is gathering men to fight against the King. I have been sent to find out about it. You may be ordered to fight for the King."

Each day Lorna had made some sign to me; but now all these signs ended and I was filled with fear. Each day my fear became greater. Three times I went into the valley and waited for her, but she did not come. Once I went far up the valley, following the course of the stream. I came to a small stone house. I knew that this was the house of Carver Doone. I listened carefully; there was no one in it. I went to the back of it and noticed the doors and windows. I was glad that I did this—for a reason which I will tell later.

I decided that I would go into the valley again from the upper end, and learn all about my Lorna.

Eighteen

THROUGH THE DOONE GATE

A. I went round the hills on the south so as to enter the Doone valley by the gate. It was a long journey: it was nearly dark when I came near the gate. Just as I stood looking at the gate, the moon came out: I quickly stepped back into the shadows.

Over the gate hung a heavy tree which they could let fall upon any enemy trying to go in. There were three openings and only the Doones knew which was the right one, and they could change the right opening so that the enemy could never know which way to choose. I thought that, in time of peace, the middle opening might be the right one; so I went in there. Soon I was in black darkness. I fell over something hard and long; it was a cannon (a big gun). This made me think that I had come the right way.

B. As I came round the next corner I saw two Doones who were guarding the place. Each held a gun in his hand. Their lamp was on the ground and they were playing some game. One of the men was Charlie Doone and the other was Phelps.—I heard them call each other by their names. They

began to quarrel over their game. Then Charlie threw his glass into Phelps' face. The glass fell; it hit the lamp and broke it. "Go and get another lamp from Carver's house," said Phelps.

C. Then Charlie came along singing a strange little song and passed close to me so that his coat touched my hand. I followed him. He turned this way and that way, and at last I saw the open sky and all the houses of the Doones spread out below me.

Charlie went on. I followed, keeping in the shadows. I passed Sir Ensor's house. Charlie stopped at Carver's door. The door was opened and Carver stood there.

"What do you want at this time of night?"

"I want a new lamp. The other fell and was broken," said Charlie.

D. I went on and came to Lorna's house; it was only one room high. I dared not speak loud because I saw a watchman on a high rock looking out over the whole valley. And now this man came towards me.

"Who are you? Answer! One—two—three, and I shall shoot."

His gun was pointed at me. I began to sing the little song which I had heard Charlie sing. I do not know why I did this—but, when the man heard it, he said, "All's well," and went back to his place on the rock. I learned afterwards that the song was the secret song of Carver Doone by which the

guards knew him. The guard thought that I was Carver Doone.

E. Lorna opened the window.

After our first sweet greeting was done, she told me what had happened and why she had made no sign.

"My grandfather, Sir Ensor, is very ill," she said. "I fear that he will not live long. Counsellor and Carver Doone are now masters of the valley and I dare not go outside the house. Gwenny, my servant, is not allowed to go outside the valley."

"How can I know if you are in danger? You must make some sign to me."

She thought for a time; then she said:

"Do you see that high tree with seven nests in it? You can see it from outside the valley. Gwenny can climb up that tree. She will take away one of the nests if there is danger. If you see only six nests in the tree, then you will know that I am in danger. If you see only five nests, then you will know that I have been carried off by Carver Doone."

We said a sweet good-bye to each other, and I went home to my mother.

Nineteen

A PLAN TO KILL

A. Jeremy Stickles was staying with us. He acted very strangely. He went out every morning and came back late at night, and no one knew what he had been doing.

Tom Faggus came to our house one day and talked to Annie. Then I went out alone, thinking of my love for Lorna and of their love,—how easy it was for them, and how difficult for me. I went to the little wood near our house and began to cut sticks for the fires. Near the wood there was a little river with bushes growing along its edge.

Now, as I worked there, three men came down the other side of the water. They came very quietly, as if they were looking for some enemy. They were Doones! I lay down in the grass and hid myself. The men stopped. One of them looked over the top of the bushes and said, "Someone has been working here; he has been cutting sticks." It was Carver Doone who spoke, and with him were Charlie Doone and Lord Wichehalse.

B. "There is no one here now," said Charlie.

"We can hide here; it is near the path along which Jeremy Stickles comes every afternoon."

"We will wait for him here," said Lord Wichehalse. "It shall be his last journey."

They had come to kill Jeremy Stickles! I must go and tell him, and save him. I moved quietly out of the wood, then began to run. I knew the place to which Jeremy went every afternoon. I ran fast, fearing at any minute to hear shots in the valley telling me that Jeremy had been killed. At last I came to the hill from which one could see into the Doone valley. Suddenly a gun was pressed against my side.

"Oh!" said Jeremy, "it is you!" He set down the gun. "What have you come for?"

"I have come to save your life. There are three Doones waiting near the wood. They are waiting to kill you!"

"Let them wait," said Jeremy. "I cannot bring my soldiers to catch them, and three Doones are too many for you and me. So let them wait. This only means that we shall go and fight against the Doones in their valley sooner than I had thought."

Twenty

PLAN OF BATTLE

Next day Jeremy led me outside the house and told me why he had come and what he was doing. A certain number of the people were angry with the King and were planning to fight against him. They were, most of them, the young and foolish people, but some of the great lords were joining and leading them. The Doones and Lord Wichehalse were also leaders. Jeremy Stickles was sent to learn how many people were making ready to fight, and who they were. He was ordered also to make plans against the Doones so that soldiers might go into the valley and kill all the Doones or drive them out of it.

"Kill all the Doones!" I cried. "That would be a fearful thing to do"—for I was thinking of Lorna.

"Do you like having your cows and your money stolen?" said he. "I should think you would be glad to see all the Doones killed, but you look sad!"

"I will have nothing to do with it," said I. "I will not help. I will not fight."

"Not fight against the men who killed your

father! Your Uncle Reuben is with us. He has promised to lead our soldiers against the Doone valley."

But I was afraid for Lorna. If the soldiers caught Lorna, what would happen? I was afraid!

Twenty-one

THE DEATH OF SIR ENSOR

A. In the middle of December the weather became very cold. Snow fell.

I went out to look at the nests in the tree which Lorna used as a sign. I looked at them,—and looked again. I could see only six nests! One nest had been taken away; that was Lorna's sign to me. She needed me!

My dog was with me. I tied a note to his neck and sent him home. In the note I asked Annie to send me some food. Soon the dog came back with a basket full of food. Then the dog made a sound. I looked, and I saw someone coming over the snow. It was Gwenny, Lorna's servant.

"Come with me," she said. "Sir Ensor is dying and he wants to see you."

"Wants to see me! "

"Yes; he wants to see you and know about you, before he dies."

B. I sent the dog home and followed Gwenny. We went into the valley by a secret way hidden in a bush. As we came near the Captain's house we passed by two Doones; they looked at me, but

Gwenny said something and they allowed me to pass.

At last we came to the door of Sir Ensor's house. I opened the door and went in, and Lorna met me.

"Do not mind what he says to you," she said; "do not answer. And do not be afraid of him."

She led me into the other room. Sir Ensor was sitting in his chair; only his eyes seemed to be alive. They were fixed upon me.

"Ah!" he said. "Are you John Ridd?"

"Yes, I am John Ridd. I hope you are better," I answered.

"Do you know that Lorna Doone comes of one of the oldest and best families in England; and you, a farmer, wish to marry her!" said he.

Sir Ensor

"I did not know that she came of a good family," I answered. "The Ridds have been good farmers for hundreds of years;—far longer than the Doones have been thieves."

"Will you promise never to see Lorna again, never to speak to her again?—Call her."

C. I went and brought Lorna. We went into the room hand in hand.

"Oh, you two fools," said the old man, looking at us.

"We are happy," I answered; "we are two fools together, and are happy to be so always."

"Be fools for ever," said Sir Ensor. "Go on being fools. It is the best thing that I can wish you."

His eyes closed. His hand went down on to the bed; he was feeling for something. I put my hand into the bed to get the thing. I felt something hard. My hand pulled it out. He held it in his hand and gave it to Lorna.

"Why!" said Lorna, "it is my glass necklace. Grandfather kept it for me because the children played with it,—and there is my old ring!"

Then she gave them to me. "The necklace will be safer with you; you must keep it for me," she said. "Put the ring on your finger."

Twenty-two

FOOD TO THE HUNGRY

A. More snow fell. It stopped the rivers and filled up the roads and came up as high as the windows, and we were forced to dig our way out of the doors. Our beasts out in the fields were lost in the snow and we had to go out and save them.

It was very difficult to walk in the snow because it was so soft, but Annie (who read much) told me that in cold countries men made things called "snow-shoes". I made some snow-shoes for myself, but found it very difficult to walk in them. After a time I was able to walk better, and found that I could go over the snow quite fast.

I went up to the top of my hill and looked out over the Doone valley and saw that everything was covered with snow. Then I began to think that perhaps poor Lorna was cold, or not able to go out of her house. And I thought that in such weather no Doones would be outside; so I might safely go to her. Then I set out to go across the snow to Lorna's house.

B. I came to Lorna's door and called.

"Who is it?" said Gwenny.

"John Ridd," I answered.

"Put your finger through the hole in the door and show the ring," said she. "And if it is not John Ridd I shall cut the finger off!"

I laughed and showed my finger. Then she opened the door.

"What is the meaning of this, Gwenny?" I asked as I went in.

"It means that we are shut in and have no food. I wish I could eat you. I could eat anything!"

I pulled out a big piece of bread which I had brought with me. She seized it and ate it like an animal.

I went to Lorna. She lay in her chair with her eyes shut.

I gave her water and bread. She opened her eyes and began to eat.

"I did not expect to see you again," she said. "I expected to die—to die without your knowing it. Carver Doone shut us in here, and said he would not let me out until I married him."

C. I had other food with me. I sat there and talked while they ate. Then Lorna said:

"Come to the window and watch them light the great fire. They have made Carver captain. They will all be eating and drinking to-night in his honour."

Then I thought, "The fire will fill the valley with light and I shall be seen. . . . But the Doones will be eating and drinking; so they will not be

The Doones had made Carver captain

looking. It will be quite safe." Then I said:

"Lorna, I shall be back again within two hours. Have all your things packed together ready for me. I shall come back and break open the door and take you to my home."

Twenty-three

BROUGHT HOME AT LAST

I went home as quickly as possible and told my mother to make the house warm. My sister Lizzie gave me a fine warm coat to put round Lorna, and so I set out over the snow.

I came to Lorna's house. I called, but there was no answer. I went in and saw a fearful sight.

In the middle of the room was Gwenny Carfax holding the legs of a man. Another man was trying to force Lorna out of her chair. I seized the first man and threw him out of the window; it was Charlie Doone. Then I took the second man (who was the son of Lord Wichehalse) and carried him out of the door and threw him deep into the snow.

I quickly took Lorna and Gwenny out of the house and set out across the snow. And so I came to my house.

My mother came out to Lorna and kissed her and brought her into the house. She put her into a great chair, and she lay there with her eyes closed, but her little hand found its way into mine.

Twenty-four

THE NECKLACE

A. As soon as it was possible to travel, Tom Faggus came over to see Annie.

I told him the story of Lorna, and how I went to Sir Ensor's death-bed. I showed him the necklace.

"It is only glass—a plaything," I said.

"Plaything!" said he. "This necklace is made of the finest diamonds.[1] They would sell for more money than your whole farm."

Lorna came in. Then Tom Faggus took the necklace in his hands. "How much money will you take for it?" he asked. "Will you take five pounds?"

"It is pretty," said Lorna, "but five pounds is too much; and I do not want to sell it. It belonged to my mother."

"If this was sold in London," said Tom, "you would get a hundred thousand pounds."

Lorna gave the necklace to my mother.

"Dear, kind mother," she said, "you must have it. No money can pay you for your kindness to me."

Of course my mother would not take it; then

[1] Diamond = a white jewel, worth much money.

Lorna gave it to me and asked me to take care of it for her.

B. On the next night Jeremy Stickles came in. He told us that three Doones came and tried to kill him. One of the soldiers who was with him was shot.

I knew that so long as the land was covered with water from the snow, the Doones would not dare to attack us and try to take back Lorna; but they would come as soon as the land was dry. I was sorry that I had let Tom Faggus go, for he was a useful man and a good fighter.

I talked to Jeremy about this matter, and he said that I should call in all the men I could to help us fight against the Doones. I had already made a store of food.

Next day I rode out to call Stickles' soldiers. I found only four, but told them to come to the farm as quickly as possible. The soldiers promised to bring two men—watchmen—from a place called the Foreland.

C. I rode back as quickly as possible. I was glad that I did this, for I found great trouble in the house.

Lorna had gone out into the garden to look at the flowers. Just as she was coming back she saw two eyes looking at her from the bushes.—It was Carver Doone!

She stood there, unable to move or speak. Carver

laughed; he lifted his gun and pointed it at Lorna's heart. Still she stood unable to move. He slowly pointed the gun downwards at the ground; he fired, and earth was thrown up all over Lorna. Lorna fell down on the ground and wept. Then Carver came to the edge of the little river which runs at the bottom of our garden.

"I have not killed you this time," he said, "because I did not wish to kill you, and I never kill in anger. But, unless you come back to the Doone valley to-morrow, bringing with you all that you took away, I shall kill you. And I shall kill John Ridd too."

He turned and went away.

We made ready more stores of food, and we expected the Doones any night. The four soldiers and the watchmen came.

Twenty-five

THE BATTLE OF THE FARM-YARD

A. This night we expected the Doones. We sent all the women to bed except Gwenny and our old servant, Betty. There had been heavy rain; there was much water covering the land in the Doone valley, so we thought that they would not be able to bring more than eight or ten men against us. We had eight men with guns and four others who had only sticks and knives.

My great hope was that I might meet Carver Doone and kill him with my own hands. I was so big and strong that I had never yet met any man whom I could not throw over my shoulder; but Carver was a man as big as I, and as strong. He was a man who could fight me, and make a good fight. Gwenny had climbed up into a tree so that she might see the Doones coming.

I waited. After some time Gwenny came to me. "Ten Doones have crossed the stream over there." I sent her to tell Jeremy Stickles and his men that they were coming.

B. Soon I saw the Doones come into the yard.

Our soldiers were waiting in the shadow of the house.

Then Carver Doone spoke: "Two of you men go and set fire to the hay-rick;[1] that will give us light so that we may see to kill them. If any of you hurts Lorna, I will kill him. Lorna belongs to me."

As Carver stood there I could have shot him quite easily. And yet my hands would not move. I had never killed a man before. I could not shoot a man down.

Two Doones came towards me carrying burning branches to set fire to the hay-rick. They could not see me because of the smoke. I struck one and broke the bone of his arm. With a cry of pain he dropped the branch. The other man stopped. I threw the burning branch into his face. He jumped at me. I caught him and broke the bone of his shoulder and threw him down upon the first man.

C. There was a loud noise; the soldiers had fired. Two Doones fell. The others stopped. Then I went across the yard to Carver, and took hold of his beard. "Do you call yourself a man?" I said. He tried to point his gun at me; but I was too quick for him.

"Now, Carver," I said, "be careful! You have shown yourself a fool by thinking too little of me. I may not be clever, but I am as big a man as you are. Down! Down into the dust!"

[1] Hay is grass dried as food for animals. A rick is a mass of dried grass stored ready for use.

I threw him down on his back. Seeing their leader down, the others ran away, leaving us their horses, and two dead men whom the soldiers had shot.

So ended the Battle of the Farm-yard.

Twenty-six

A VISIT FROM COUNSELLOR

A. More soldiers came soon after this, and we had no further fear of being attacked by the Doones.

One evening, when I came home from riding round the farm, my sister Lizzie met me.

"Do not go into my mother's room," she said. "I have something to say to you first."

"What is it?" I asked. "Has anything happened to Lorna?"

"No. But there is a big man there, with a lot of white hair and a white beard. I think he is a Doone."

"It is Counsellor!" I said.

I went and found Lorna; then we two together went to my mother's room. Mother was standing at the door of the room talking to Counsellor.

He held out both his hands to Lorna. "My dear child," he said, "how well you look. Kiss your uncle."

"You smell of smoke," she said. "I do not wish to kiss you."

B. "So this is John Ridd," he went on. "This is John Ridd, the great fighter, and he wishes to

Counsellor tells John and Lorna about their fathers

marry our Lorna. Well, I am sure you ought to be happy together; you have one subject which you can always talk about—what your fathers did for each other."

"I do not understand," I said; "what do you mean?"

"I mean," said he, "that Lorna's father killed your father, and your father killed Lorna's father."

That was a fearful thing to say.

"You know that Sir Ensor Doone said that we ought to marry, and blessed us," I answered. "We love each other and we always shall."

"You are right, John," said Lorna. "I do not believe what Counsellor had said about our fathers; and we love each other, and nothing else makes any difference."

Counsellor slept that night in our house. In the morning Lorna told me that she heard someone moving about the house during the night as if he was looking for something.

C. When Annie went out to the dairy,[1] Counsellor followed her.

"Have you ever heard," said Counsellor, "that, if you pass a glass necklace over the milk, the cream will come up to the top more quickly?"

"No," said Annie, "I have never heard that."

"Have you got a glass necklace?" asked Counsellor.

"Lorna has one," said Annie. "I know where it is. John kept it at one time, but now it is in Lorna's room. I will go and get it."

So she ran off and got the necklace. Then Counsellor passed the necklace over the milk, and then put it under the milk-pot.

"Leave it here under the milk-pot for a day and a night," he said, "and tell no one about it."

Annie went away. And, soon after that, Counsellor went too—taking Lorna's necklace with him.

[1] Dairy = a room where milk is kept and cream is made.

Twenty-seven

JEREMY'S STORY

A. That same night Jeremy Stickles came back. He told me that all was ready for the great battle against the Doones. I told him about the necklace.

"I was in Watchet a few days ago," he said, "and I met an Italian woman, named Benita. She was servant in an Italian family in Italy. Then an English lord came and married the daughter of this family, and the servant went with them. The English lord often spoke about his own family, and told how one of them had lost all his lands and become an outlaw. One day the Englishman was killed when he was out riding.

"The lady took the little girl with her to England. She came to this part of the country and got a carriage to drive to her house—which was somewhere near here. Benita was with her and the child. They heard of the Doones, but the lady said, 'I am not afraid; the Doones would not hurt a lady and a child.'

B. "They passed the little town of Watchet and came near the sea, and then they saw horsemen riding towards them. The driver of the carriage

tried to drive on fast, so as to escape. But the carriage stuck in the soft sand.

"The lady could now see the horsemen close. 'I know that man,' she cried; 'he is the old enemy of our family.'

"Benita was carrying the box of jewels. There was a diamond necklace in it; she put it round the neck of the little girl. Then the carriage fell over into the water. Benita lay there, knowing nothing. Then she opened her eyes. The Doones had gone, taking the little girl. The lady was taken to the town of Watchet and died soon after.

C. "Benita stayed there: she had no money. The Doones had taken everything. The lady's lands are being held by the government until the owner is found. For the owner of those lands is the little girl who was carried off by the Doones."

I remembered that day when I rode back from school. I remembered the Italian servant who asked me for a glass of water. I remembered how we passed the carriage with the lady and the little girl in it. And I remembered how we saw the Doones riding by—and one of them was carrying a little girl.

So Lorna belonged to some great family of lords. And great lands belonged to Lorna. And perhaps I could never marry her.

But I learned one thing from the story; it was not true that Lorna's father had killed my father.

I rode over to Watchet and met Benita. I showed

her the old ring which Sir Ensor gave me. Benita knew it; that was the lady's ring.

Lorna was not a Doone. Her real name was Dugal. She was the daughter of Lord Dugal. I now understood the plan of the Doones; they wanted Carver to marry Lorna so that they might get all her lands.

Twenty-eight

THE BATTLE OF THE VALLEY

A. There were three sets of men ready to do battle against the Doones in their valley:

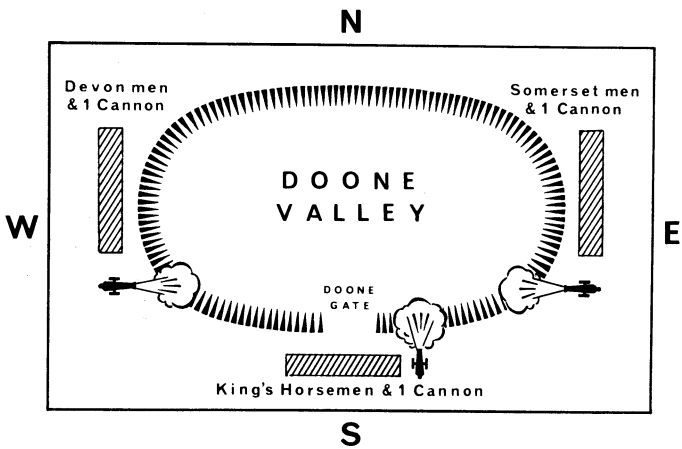
(1) Sixty men of Somerset, wearing yellow coats.

(2) Sixty men of Devon, wearing red coats.

(3) Thirty-five horsemen of the King's army.

We had also three cannons. The cannons were laid upon trees and pulled by horses. We all set out together, the men marching and the horses pulling the cannons.

The orders were that the Somerset men should



stay on the eastern hills until the Devon men were ready on the west. Jeremy Stickles and I went with thirty-five men and one cannon to break in at the Doone gate while the Doones were being shot at from the east and from the west by the Devon and Somerset men. . . . This was our plan; but things did not happen as we had planned.

B. We reached the Doone gate and our cannon was ready. We heard the noise of shooting on the east and west; so we went quickly round the side of the hill, hoping to break in the gate with our cannon.

As we came round the corner we saw no one. Then there was a shout and suddenly ten or twelve guns were fired at us from a hidden place. Several of our men fell, but the others went on. Jeremy and I were in the front and the cannon was pulled behind us. We saw where the enemy were hidden in some bushes and ran forward to fight them before they could load their guns again. Suddenly there was a loud noise behind us and a fearful cry from the men and the horses. A great tree had been dropped down from the top of the hill on to the horses and the cannon. It fell upon two men and broke the back of one of the horses and the leg of another.

I loved these horses and this made me wild with anger. I ran towards the place. Five or six men followed me; among them was Jeremy. The Doones shot at us and some men fell, but I went on. I

seized the cannon in my hands and ran madly at the great wooden door. The wood broke and the cannon stuck in the door so that I could not pull it out. I looked round for someone to help me, but there was no one. I wondered where Jeremy was, and went back to find him. I found him lying wounded on the ground. His mouth was covered with blood. I took him up and carried him into a safe place.

C. Then a boy came round the corner. "We have lost the battle," he said. "The men of Devon and Somerset are fighting against each other. The Doones have beaten us."

Then we made a carriage of branches for the wounded men and used the horses which were still alive to pull it away.

Now I will tell you why the men of Devon and of Somerset fought against each other. The men of Devon had a long way to go; they were afraid that the Somerset men would begin the battle and say that they had won it. So as soon as the Devon men reached the top of the hill on the west, they set their gun ready. Then (without pointing the gun at anything) they fired. The shot came right across the valley and hit the Somerset men on the other side, killing one and wounding two.

The men of Somerset were angry. They pointed their gun at the Devon men and fired. Four or five men fell. Then a battle began between the men of

Devon and Somerset. The Doones came out of the secret way which Gwenny had used. They attacked the Somerset men, killed four and took their cannon. The Devon men pulled their cannon home. . . . And so ended the battle.

Twenty-nine

LORNA GOES AWAY

A. I went away from home to visit some friends. When I came back I was surprised that Lorna did not come running out to meet me.

"Where is Lorna?" I asked.

My mother did not answer. I turned to my sister, Lizzie.

"Where is Lorna?" I asked again.

"The Lady Lorna Dugal has gone to London," said Lizzie. "I do not think she will come back again."

"My Lorna gone!" I cried. "My Lorna gone! And she never said good-bye to me!"

"She wept enough to break her heart," said Lizzie. "And she left a letter for you. It is in her room."

B. I ran to Lorna's room and found the letter.

"My dear one,—Please understand my going without saying good-bye to you. The men will not wait. My uncle, some great Lord, is waiting for me at Dunster. The King has ordered that he is to take care of me until I am twenty-one years old. It is

Lorna reads the King's order

very cruel and unjust. I said that I did not want my lands or my money. I wanted to stay here. But they said that I must obey the King's order. Nothing will ever take me away from you.—Your own

Lorna Dugal."

"It is all ended," I said.

But my heart said, "All will yet be right."

Thirty

NO LETTER FROM LORNA

In February of that year, 1685, we got news that the King had died. I was afraid that there would be trouble because I knew that many people did not like the new King, James. Already men were preparing to fight against him. We heard that the Duke of Monmouth was coming across the sea from France to the south of England, and that all the farmers of the south would join him against the King. The whole country was troubled, and there was talk that Judge Jeffreys was coming down to hang all who were planning to fight against the King.

For many months no letters came from Lorna, until I began to think that she had forgotten me. I did not know where to write to her. I often heard of her. The soldiers and merchants who came down from London told us that Lorna was already famous for her beauty, and that many young lords wanted to marry her because of her money. When I heard this I was very sad and felt that I had lost all hope.

Thirty-one

TOM FAGGUS HAS GONE

A. Some days later Annie came over to me. She was crying.

"Oh, John," she said, "my husband, Tom Faggus, has gone off with the Duke's men to fight against the King! Oh, you must go and find him and bring him back."

"I promise that I will do my best," said I.

Next day I set off out of the town, and at last I found the Duke's soldiers at Bridgwater. They could hardly be called soldiers, for they were only country-men who had not been taught to fight or to fire a gun.

I was very tired and went to bed. The lady of the house woke me during the night. "The battle has begun," she said. I heard the sound of guns. I rode out of the town by little lanes and came out on to the marshes.[1] There was a thick mist so that it was difficult to see the way.

B. I came to a little village called Zeeland. The King's men had been there during the night and

[1] Marsh = wet, soft land.

their fires were still burning. The men had gone because the Duke's men had attacked them during the night.

I got a young man who knew the country. He served as my guide and led me to the back of the Duke's army.

It was four o'clock in the morning when we came out upon the open marshes. The sun came up, and by its light I saw the fearful sight. I saw men flying from the battle covered with blood and dust, with fear in their eyes; men running madly, having no hope but only to live. I saw dead men lying on the ground with wide-open eyes and white hands—all simple fellows, country-men who had known nothing of war or battle, whose hands had never held a gun.—And here they lay dead, dead after fearful pain.

The flying men called out to me as I passed, "The fight is ended. The cannons have come. Now it is all killing."

C. I tried to help some of the wounded, though I was almost weeping at their pain. I gave some water to a poor fellow who sat up, dying. He asked me to tell his wife something about money hidden in the apple tree. Then I felt something soft touch my face. I looked up. It was Winnie (Tom's horse). She looked at me; then turned her head. It seemed almost as if she tried to speak. She ran away a few steps, then turned and looked at me. I got on to my horse and followed.

We came near the battle-line. I saw the Duke's men standing helpless beside a river which they could not cross. They had no guns, but shouted at the King's men, "Come over and fight us." But the soldiers shot them down. Then the King's horsemen came round and rode in among them. I heard the noise of that fight and the cries of those who were struck down.

Winnie went on, and I followed.

Then at last Winnie stopped near a little hut. She made a low sound, as if calling to Tom. There was no answer; so she went into the hut.

D. I found Tom Faggus inside the hut. There was a great wound in his right-hand side. I gave him some water. He opened his eyes. Then he put up his hand and touched Winnie. "Is Winnie hurt?" he asked.

"No," said I.

"Put me on her back," he said.

I set him on Winnie's back. Winnie went away. She seemed to know where to go. Soon they were out of sight.

And I lay down in the hut and slept.

Thirty-two

PRISONER

A. I slept for three or four hours. When I woke up I saw twenty soldiers.

"This hut is not yours," I said. "What are you doing here?"

"We have come to take you to be hanged."

"Do you want to know the way out of this hut?" I said quietly. "Put down your guns outside and come against me with your hands."

They laughed at the thought that I could fight twenty of them. I put down my gun and they put down their guns.

The first man ran at me in a very foolish way. I caught him by the back of his neck and threw him over the heads of his fellows. The next man knew a little about fighting, but he was a small fellow and soon went flying after the first. The others were afraid and stood talking to each other. Then I went in among them, throwing them to left and right, and jumped on my horse. They fired some shots after me, but I got away.

B. I got away, but soon I was caught by another lot of men. They stood right across the road in

front of me. They made me get down from my horse.

"Here is another prisoner!" they cried. "A big one!"

The officer gave the order: "Hang him from the tree."

They put ropes round me and pulled me towards the tree. I saw two men hanging from it already.

Just then a man on a horse came riding round the corner.

"Stop!" he cried. "I know this man, and he is my prisoner. John Ridd, follow me!"

It was Jeremy Stickles.

"You saved me from the Doones," he said. "Now I have saved you."

Thirty-three

I MEET LORNA

A. "John," said Jeremy Stickles as we rode along, "if you run away from me your farm will be seized and your mother and sisters will suffer. They know your name."

"I shall not run away," I answered. "I am your prisoner, and I will go with you to London."

"You will be tried before a judge in London and you will be justly treated there," he said. "You are wise to come with me."

So we rode to London. I thought of Lorna, and wondered if she loved me still.

When I reached London I heard that Lorna was living in the care of her uncle, Lord Brandir. I heard also that the Queen loved Lorna greatly and that they went to church together.

So I went to the church and waited among the crowd hoping to see my Lorna.

B. The King and Queen came, followed by many lords and great men. Then came beautiful ladies who were serving the Queen. And then I saw Lorna. I looked at her, and as I looked, she turned

and saw me. She looked at me, and her eyes were very gentle and sweet.

I went into the church, and, while I sat there, a man brought me a note, telling me to go and see her at her house next day.

I went next day to Lord Brandir's house. Gwenny Carfax opened the door. She led me into a great room. The door opened and Lorna came in.

No letter had come from her because Gwenny had not sent the letters which Lorna had written. Gwenny had hidden them! For Gwenny wanted Lorna to marry some great lord. But Lorna said:

"I hate this life in London. The men love me only for my money. I think only of you. I want you to come and see me often."

Thirty-four

THIEVES BY NIGHT

A. It was an evening in September. I went past Lord Brandir's house. As I went I saw three men waiting in the shadows.

"Now," I thought, "these men are thieves. If they are waiting, I will wait too and see what their plan is."

So I hid myself in the shadows.

The lights went out in the windows of the house.

Then I heard a low call from some trees near by. The men passed me. A window was opened. I went quickly towards the house and went in at the same window. A servant-girl was leading, carrying a lamp; behind her came three men. They reached Lord Brandir's door. They broke open the door and went in.

B. When I came into the room I saw one man pointing a gun at Lord Brandir and two others were trying to open a great box.

"Tell me where the key is or I shall shoot you," said the man with the gun. "I shall count ten; then I shall shoot."

"I will not tell you," answered Lord Brandir.

The man with the gun began to count. "One—two—three——"

I went quickly across the room. I struck up his gun with my stick. Then I brought the stick down on his head, and he fell on the floor.

The other two men came at me. One of them had a gun. I took up the fellow from the floor and held him in front of me. The man fired, but the shot hit the thief and killed him. Then I seized the two men and tied their hands and feet.

C. In the morning the two men were brought before the judge. They were well-known men—great enemies of the King. The judge was very pleased with me because I had caught them, and wrote a letter to the King about it. Lord Brandir also told the story to the King—of how I had caught those fellows.

In the afternoon a man came to bring me to the King. I put on my best clothes and set out.

When I came into the room I saw the Queen there also.

"So this is John Ridd," said the Queen, "of whom dear Lorna has spoken so often."

"John Ridd," said the King, "you have done me a great service. Kneel!"

Then I went down on my knees. He touched me. "Stand up, Sir John Ridd," he said.

Thirty-five

THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE VALLEY

A. I was now allowed to go back to my farm, a free man and honoured by the King. I was sorry to leave Lorna, but glad to go back because I was spending too much money in London.

When I came back to the farm, all the people gave a great dinner in my honour.

Work went on as before; and, as before, the Doones came out and stole and killed. They went into the house of a man called Kit Badcock and killed his wife and carried away his baby and they burned the house. This made all the people angry, and we came together and decided that we must do battle against the Doones and end all our troubles from them.

This was our plan. We would send a man to tell the Doones that a great amount of gold was to be taken along the road on a certain night. The Doones would go out to steal the gold. While the Doones were out of their valley one party of men would attack the Doone gate and a second party would go up the waterfall (the way by which I went to see Lorna). John Fry would go to the top of the hill and fire his gun as soon as the fighting

began at the Doone gate; then we others would go up the waterfall.

B. The moon was coming up over the hill when we set out to go to the waterfall. We waited a long time, and I thought that perhaps John Fry had fallen asleep. Then at last we heard the sound of his gun.

"Come on, men," I cried. "Hold your guns up and do not shoot each other as you climb."

We reached the top of the rock and went quickly over the field. We set fire to Carver's house. I saw a child there—Carver's son—and saved him. We called out all the women and children and then set fire to the other houses.

"Doone town is burning!" cried the women.

All the valley was filled with red light, shining upon the water and upon the women and children.

As we expected, the Doones came running back from the gate, leaving only a few men there. Charlie Doone was leading them. We saw them clearly in the firelight, and my men shot at them as they came. I saw Kit Badcock kill Charlie,—because it was Charlie who carried off his child.

I looked only for Carver, but he was not among them.

I will not tell of the fearful killing of that night. It is enough to say that when morning came the only Doones left alive were Counsellor and Carver, and every house in the valley was a black and smoking mass.

The final battle with the Doones

C. I must tell of what happened to the rest of the Doones.

The party of Doones who set out to steal the gold was led by Carver. Simon was the man whom we sent to the Doones to tell them about the gold; he went with them. He took them into an empty house called "The Warren". There they waited, and while they waited, Simon poured water into their guns.

Suddenly a party of our men came to the door with guns pointed at every Doone there. The Doones seized their guns, but the guns would not fire. They fought bravely, but every one was killed except Carver.

Carver jumped on to his great horse and rode away.

Thirty-six

THE DEATH OF CARVER DOONE

A. Lorna came back from London, and everything was arranged for our marriage.

Many people came to the church.

I walked up the church and met my dear Lorna. She was dressed all in white.

I put the ring on her finger and she looked up at me. Just then there was the sound of a shot. She fell across my knees. Blood was upon the white stone of the floor and upon her white dress. I laid her in my mother's arms, and then I went out to find the man who had done this thing. I knew who it was —Carver!

I had no gun, only my hands with which to kill him. I jumped on my horse and rode up the hill. I saw, about a quarter of a mile in front of me, a man riding on a great black horse. I knew that it was Carver.

B. "It is Carver's life or mine!" I said to myself. And he had a gun. I saw that he was carrying little Ensie in front of him. I followed him over the hill until we came to the marsh. There he stopped and turned and saw me following him. He tried to ride

on faster, but his horse was tired. As I went past a tree I pulled off a branch and carried it with me.

Carver Doone rode round a corner and came suddenly to the edge of the marsh. He could not go on; his horse would go down into the soft earth, and he with it.

C. Carver turned and fired his gun at me. The shot struck me, but I did not care; I thought of nothing but my enemy. I rode on; then I struck his horse with the branch, so that it fell to the ground. Carver fell with it, and for some time could not get up. I jumped off my horse and stood waiting. The little boy, Ensie, ran to me and looked up at me with fear in his eyes.

"Ensie dear," I said, "run up the hill and see if you can find me some flowers."

He ran away.

D. Carver stood up. He looked round for his gun; but I had thrown it away. He had nothing but his hands with which to fight me.

There was an open space of grass between us. I allowed him to come forward. Suddenly he seized me with his powerful arms and broke a bone in my side. I took him by the neck. He tried to free himself from my hands, but could not. At last he was helpless; he could not move. I threw him away from me.

"I will not harm you any more," I said. "You are beaten; I forgive you."

But his feet had gone into the marsh. He went down—down! He fell back. He threw up his arms to heaven. I could not help him nor save him. Slowly he went down into the marsh—out of sight.

Thirty-seven

THE END OF THE STORY

I took Carver's little boy in my arms and climbed up on to my horse.

I rode homeward as if I was in a dream. I could think of nothing but Lorna's death. When I came to the door of my house I fell off the horse. Mother came and helped me in through the doorway.

"I have killed him," I said, "even as he killed Lorna. Now let me see her. She is mine, mine even in death."

"She is not dead," said my mother. "But you must not go to her as you are now, all covered with blood." She led me to my room.

For days Lorna lay between life and death. Then slowly she came back to life.

I still lay ill in bed. I looked at my hand which had been so strong and now seemed weak as a child's. Then the door opened and my sister Annie came in, and behind her was Lorna. Annie shut the door and went away; and Lorna came to me, and laid her head close to mine, and life came back to me.

And so the story ends, yet ends never. For year by year Lorna's beauty and kindness grow, and our love and happiness grow with it.

What more is there to tell?

I rode homeward with Carver's little boy in my arms

QUESTIONS

1. A. 1. What is my name?
2. What was my father?
3. What will you see on one of the tables in the school?

B. 1. At what time did we come out of school?
2. What were the soldiers guarding?
3. What was Tom Faggus? ("A——")
4. What did Robin Snell do?

C. 1. What was John Fry?
2. When will the school end?
3. Who always used to take John Ridd from school?

D. 1. For how long did we fight?
2. For what did I hate Snell?

J.R.—John Ridd.

2. A. 1. What did we cross?
2. Who came out of the house?
3. What did she seem to be?
4. What did she ask J.R. to do?

B. 1. What did J.R. pass?
2. Who was in the carriage (*a, b, c*)?
3. What is mist?

C. 1. What was hanging from the tree?
2. Why must J.R. be silent?
3. What were the Doones?

D. 1. What did we hear?
2. Where did we lie down? ("Near——")
3. Why do the Doones light the fire on Dunkery Hill?

E. 1. With what were the horses loaded?
2. What had one man lying across his horse?
3. What will the child cause?
4. By whom had my father been killed?

3. 1. How many men attacked my father?
2. How was my father killed?
3. How many children were there?

4. A. 1. What did Lord Lorne want?
2. What did the judge decide?
3. What did Sir Ensor become?
B. 1. What did the Doones begin to do?
2. Why did the farmers not fight against the Doones?
3. What did J.R. teach himself?
4. Whom did J.R. kill?

5. A. 1. What is a loach?
2. How far up the river will I go?
B. 1. What is a pool?
2. What fell down over the rock?
C. 1. With what was the rock covered?
2. How did J.R. get into the water?
3. Where did J.R. climb?

L.D.—Lorna Doone.

6. A. 1. What did I see by my side?
2. How did I think of the little girl? ("As a——")
3. What had J.R. hurt?
4. What was the name of the girl?
B. 1. What did I know that I could not do?
2. What will the Doones do if they find J.R.?
C. 1. Why would the Doones kill J.R.?
2. When may J.R. see L.D. again?
3. What will J.R. bring?

D. 1. Where was the hole?
2. How many men were coming down the valley?
3. What did the men shout?

E. 1. Where did J.R. hide?
2. Where did the man put L.D.?
3. Where did J.R. come out of the hole?

7. A. 1. What did I do every day?
2. What had I to gather?
3. Where had one of the ducks been carried?
4. Who was the man?
5. What could the horse do?

U.R.—Uncle Reuben.

8. A. 1. What did U.R. sell?
2. When did the Doones usually go out?
3. When did the Doones go out on New Year's Day?
4. Why could one not see?

B. 1. What did my mother think?
2. What word would my mother not say?
3. Why was it difficult to find my way?

C. 1. Where were the man's feet?
2. Who was the man?
3. What did he do when he came to the house?

D. 1. What did U.R. say about my carriage?
2. About what did U.R. talk to Farmer Snowe?
3. What did U.R. say the farmers ought to do?

9. A. 1. What was Lord Wichehalse?
2. What did Lord W. do when he heard U.R.'s story?
3. To whom must U.R. go?

B. 1. To whom will U.R. get letters?
2. Of whom did the flowers make me think?
3. What did U.R. want to see?

C. 1. What did U.R. need on the tops of the hills?
2. Whom did I see near the hole?
3. What did U.R. ask J.R. to do?

10. A. 1. What did I get from Porlock?
2. Was the season summer, spring or winter?
3. Whose voice did I hear?

B. 1. What had L.D. in her hair?
2. What makes me think of L.D. even in these later years?
3. What does J.R. seem to have forgotten?

C. 1. Of what was L.D. afraid? ("That——")
2. What did J.R. bring?
3. What did John Fry tell everybody?

11. A. 1. What did J.R. cut on the tree?
2. Where did J.R. put on his clothes?
3. Why was the rock difficult to climb?
4. What did J.R. do as he sat beside the stream?
5. What must L.D. call J.R.?

B. 1. To what did J.R. and L.D. come among the rocks?
2. Where were the eggs?
3. What did L.D. do when she saw the eggs?

C. 1. Who is L.D.'s grandfather?
2. Who is Counsellor's son?
3. Who wants to marry L.D.?

D. 1. Who is Gwenny Carfax?
2. What is a guardian?
3. Who said that he was L.D.'s guardian?

E. 1. What did Lord Alan Brandir ask L.D. to give him?
2. Who killed Lord Alan Brandir?

F. 1. How long must J.R. wait?
2. What will L.D. put on the stone?

12. A. 1. What had J.R. just done?
2. What did the man cry out?
3. What did the man ask?

B. 1. How old was the man?
2. Whom did the man want to see?
3. What did the man give to J.R.?
4. What did the letter tell J.R. to do?

Note the spelling—Lord Wichehalse.

13. A. 1. How long did J.R. wait in London?
2. What three things pleased J.R. in London?
3. What did the man pretend to know?
4. Whom must J.R. ask to see?

B. 1. For how much money did the man ask?
2. Where did J.R. pull the man?
3. What was the name of the judge?

C. 1. What was the name of the judge's officer?
2. What did the judge ask? ("Why does not——")
3. How many Doones are there?
4. How long have the Doones been there?

D. 1. Who is a friend of the Doones?
2. What did the judge say about Tom Faggus?
3. The judge asked, "Is there any talk of——" (what)?
4. From whom must J.R. keep away?

14. A. 1. Who was standing on the top of the hill?
2. What did J.R. see on the stone?
3. What time of day was it?
4. How long ago did L.D. need J.R.?

B. 1. What are they trying to make L.D. do?
2. Who looks at L.D.?
3. After how long may J.R. see L.D.?

15. A. 1. What were the men getting ready to do?
2. Who came?
3. What did my mother want?
4. What were people getting ready to do?

B. 1. Where was Annie sitting?
2. Whom did Annie want to see?
3. About what did I tell Annie?
4. Until when did I wait for L.D.?

C. 1. Where did J.R. put the eggs?
2. Who came down the valley?
3. "Carver thought that —— (who?) had been leaving presents."
4. Where did the shot go?

D. 1. Whom did Carver think he had killed?
2. Who was Betty?
3. What did Betty make?
4. What did Betty say in J.R.'s ear?
5. When did Betty tell J.R. to go to L.D.?

16. 1. What season was it?
2. Why could not L.D. come in the evening?
3. What question did J.R. ask L.D.?
4. What had Tom Faggus come to ask?

17. 1. Who arrived?
2. What is the Duke of Monmouth gathering?
3. What ended?
4. To whose house did J.R. come?
5. What did J.R. notice?

18. A. 1. How will J.R. enter the valley?
2. What hung over the gate?
3. Into which opening did J.R. go?
4. What is a cannon?

B. 1. How many Doones did J.R. see?
2. What were the men doing?
3. What did Charlie throw in Phelps' face?
4. What did Phelps tell Charlie to get?

C. 1. What was Charlie singing?
2. What touched J.R.'s hand?
3. At whose house did Charlie stop?

D. 1. Why dared J.R. not speak loud?
2. What did J.R. begin to do?
3. What was the song?

E. 1. Who was ill?
2. Who are masters of the valley?
3. What will Lorna take as a sign of danger?

19. A. 1. Who was staying at our house?
2. Who talked to Annie?
3. What did I do in the wood?
4. How many men came?
5. Who spoke?

B. 1. Who came along the path?
2. What had the men come to do?
3. What was pressed against my side?
4. What will Jeremy do sooner?

20. 1. What were some of the people planning to do?
2. What plans was Jeremy ordered to make?
3. Who has promised to lead the soldiers?
4. Why was J.R. afraid?

21. A. 1. What did J.R. see in the tree?
2. What did J.R. ask Annie to send?
3. Who wants to see J.R.?

B. 1. How did J.R. go into the valley?
2. Where was Sir Ensor?
3. What did Sir Ensor ask J.R. to promise?

C. 1. What did Sir Ensor call J.R. and L.D.?
2. What did J.R. take out of the bed? (Two things.)
3. What must J.R. do with the ring?

22. A. 1. How did they get out of the doors?
2. What did J.R. make for walking over the snow?

B. 1. What must J.R. show?
2. What did Gwenny eat?
3. Who had shut L.D. in?

C. 1. In whose honour will the Doones be eating and drinking?
2. How soon will J.R. be back?
3. What will J.R. do when he comes back?

23. 1. What did J.R. bring out?
2. What did Lizzie give me?
3. What did J.R. do to Charlie?
4. Whose son was the second man?
5. Who brought L.D. into the house?

24. A. 1. Of what is the necklace made?
2. For how much money would the necklace sell?
3. To whom did L.D. give the necklace?

B. 1. Who was killed?
2. When will the Doones come against the farm?
3. Whom did J.R. call?
4. Whom did the soldiers promise to bring?

C. 1. Who was in the bushes?
2. What did Carver point at L.D.?
3. What did they make ready?

25. A. 1. How many men had we with guns?
2. Where was Gwenny?
3. How many Doones crossed the stream?

B. 1. What will the man do to the hay-rick?
2. What did J.R. do to the first man?
3. Where did J.R. throw the second man?

C. 1. How many Doones were shot?
2. Of what did J.R. take hold?
3. Why did the other Doones run away?

26. A. 1. With whom was Counsellor talking?
2. What did Counsellor tell Lorna to do?
3. Of what does Counsellor smell?

B. 1. What did Counsellor say about L.D.'s and J.R.'s fathers?
2. What did L.D. hear?

C. 1. What is a dairy?
2. What (did Counsellor say) will make cream come up quickly?
3. Where did Counsellor put the necklace?
4. What did Counsellor take?

27. A. 1. Whom did Jeremy meet?
2. Who married the daughter of the family?
3. How was the Englishman killed?
4. Where did the lady take the child?

B. 1. What did the lady see?
2. Where did the carriage stick?
3. What did the lady say about one of the horse men?
4. What did Benita put on the little girl?
5. Whom did the Doones carry away?

C. 1. By whom were the lands held?
2. Who was the owner of the lands?
3. Who was the little girl?
4. What did I show to Benita?
5. What did the Doones want Carver to marry Lorna for?

28. A. 1. What coats did the men of Somerset wear?
2. How many cannons had we?
3. Where did the Somerset men stay?
4. Where did Jeremy and J.R. go?

B. 1. Where were the Doones hidden?
2. What was dropped on to the horses?
3. Where did the cannon stick?
4. Where was Jeremy?

C. 1. What are the men of Devon and Somerset doing?
2. What did the Devon men think the Somerset men would say?
3. What did the Devon men's shot hit?
4. How did the Doones come out?

29. A. 1. Why was J.R. surprised?
2. Where has L.D. gone?
3. What did L.D. leave?

B. 1. Who was waiting for L.D.?
2. Until when will the lord take care of L.D.?
3. What did J.R.'s heart say?

30. 1. From where was the Duke of Monmouth coming?
2. Who was coming to hang people?
3. For what was L.D. famous?

31. A. 1. Where has Tom Faggus gone?
2. What did the lady say?
3. What is a marsh?

B. 1. Who served as a guide?
2. Where did J.R. come at four o'clock?
3. What did J.R. see on the ground?
4. What did the flying men call out? ("The —— is ——.")

C. 1. What did the wounded man tell me to tell his wife?
2. What touched J.R.'s face?
3. Where were the Duke's men standing?
4. Where did Winnie stop?

D. 1. Where was Tom's wound?
2. Where did J.R. put Tom?
3. What did J.R. do in the hut?

32. A. 1. How many soldiers did J.R. see?
2. How did J.R. catch the first man?
3. What did the other men do?
B. 1. Where were the men standing?
2. What order did the officer give?
3. Who was the man on a horse?

33. A. 1. What will be seized if J.R. runs away?
2. Where must J.R. go?
3. Where was Lorna living?
4. Who loved Lorna very much?
5. Where did J.R. go to see Lorna?
B. 1. When must J.R. go to see Lorna?
2. Who had hidden Lorna's letters?
3. What did Lorna want J.R. to do?

34. A. 1. How many men did J.R. see?
2. What was opened?
3. Who was leading?
4. What did they do to Lord Brandir's door?
B. 1. What was one man doing?
2. What were the other two men doing?
3. When will the man shoot?
4. Where did J.R. hit the man?
5. What did J.R. hold in front of himself?
6. What did the shot hit?
C. 1. Who were the men?
2. To whom did the judge write?
3. Where will the man bring J.R.?
4. What did the King say when J.R. knelt down?

35. A. 1. Why was J.R. glad to go back?
2. What did the Doones do to Kit Badcock?
3. What will we tell the Doones?
4. Where will the second party of men go?
5. When will John Fry fire his gun?

B. 1. Whose house did we set on fire?
2. Whom did I save?
3. Who was leading the Doones?
4. Whom did Kit Badcock kill?
5. How many Doones were left alive?

C. 1. Who led the party to steal the gold?
2. Where did Simon take the Doones?
3. What did Simon do to the guns?
4. Who was not killed?

36. A. 1. How was Lorna dressed?
2. What sound was heard?
3. Where did Lorna fall?
4. What colour was Carver's horse?

B. 1. What was Carver carrying in front of him?
2. What did J.R. pull from the tree?
3. Why could Carver not go on?

C. 1. What struck J.R.?
2. With what did J.R. strike Carver's horse?
3. What did J.R. tell Ensie to do?

D. 1. What did Carver break?
2. How did J.R. seize Carver?
3. Into what did Carver go?

37. 1. Whom did J.R. take in his arms?
2. Was Lorna dead?
3. At what did J.R. look?
4. Who was behind Annie?
5. What grows year by year?

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